

A Fawcett Publication

HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring
**WILLIAM
BOYD**

BIG 32 PAGES

MARCH
10¢
NO. 41



In this issue:
THE MYSTERIOUS AVENGER!

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Every effort is made to insure that these titles represent
within the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Lindsey, Jr. President

HOPALONG CASSIDY

STACCO
WILLIAM
BOYD

and
the
**MYSTERIOUS
AVENGER!**

Out of nowhere came the Avenger,
whose threats were menacing enough to
scare honest ranchers out of San Juan.
What was his motive? His purpose?
That's what the famed Sheriff, Hopalong
Cassidy, has to find out when he goes
after **THE MYSTERIOUS AVENGER!**



AT THE SLEEWOOD RANCH IN THE BLUE OUTSIDE TOWN RIVER...

IT'S NO USE, SLEEWOOD. THERE JUST WON'T ANY OIL IN THIS SPREAD. THE OIL-YU FOUND SKEEPED IN HOLE FROM THE KNOCK OF YOUR NEIGHBOR JACKSON!

JACKSON DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE OIL, SO MAYBE YOU CAN BUY HIS SPREAD BEFORE HE PAYS OUT!

NO! EVERYONE KNOWS IN HOT INTERESTED IN RANGE. NO, JERT OIL. IF I USED TO BUY JACKSON'S SPREAD HE'D SUSPECT THERE WAS OIL ON HIS PROPERTY! AND IF THERE'S ANY, I'LL GET IT--BUT IN MY OWN WAY!

YOU AND RAGE CLEAN UP! I'LL TELL YOU LATER, RIGHT NOW I'M GOING TO INVITE EVERYONE TO A BIG PARTY HERE TONIGHT--INCLUDING SKEEP! SODALING CANNON!



YEST NIGHT AT THE PARTY...



IT'S A BOOK WITH A NOTE ON IT! BUT COULD IT BE A NOTE AND NO--NEVER, I'LL CHECK MYSELF!

BUT THE EVER ALERT SHERIFF OF THIS TOWN IS ALWAYS ON THE JOB...



IT'S ADDRESSED TO YOU, SLEEWOOD! IT SAYS 'PART OUT OF TOWN TONIGHT OR I'LL NOT HOLD MYSELF!' HEARD THE AVENGER!

THE AVENGER? I NEVER HEARD OF HIM! I RECKON HE'S SOME CRANKY NEIGHBOR. I'M GOING TO INVITE TO THE PARTY TRYING TO GET EVEN BY BEATING ME! WELL, WE'LL JUST FORGET ABOUT HIM AND HAVE FUN!



BUT WHEN THE PARTY'S OVER-- I CAN'T GET THAT NOTE OUT OF MY HEAD, SLEEWOOD! IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, I'M GOING TO STAY AROUND HERE TONIGHT!

I DON'T THINK IT'S NECESSARY, SHERIFF, BUT YOURSELF!



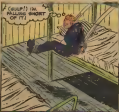














BUT THE SOUND OF THE CRASH-ING WOODS HAD BROUGHT THE MENACING TRIO RUNNING ---

THREE ANGRY GUYS LET'S GET AFTER HIM BEFORE HE GETS AWAY!



IF I CAN ROLL BEHIND ONE OF THESE TREES, THEY WON'T FIND ME SO FAR! THE BRUSH WILL HIDE ME!

HURT ROCK HAD A JAGGED EDGE! MAYBE I CAN CUT THROUGH THESE ROPES ON IT!



JUST MINUTES LATER ---

THERE HE IS! GRAB HIM!



NO! HE'S REACHED AN OPEN FIELD. WE'RE BETTER OFF BACKING HIM FOR A SECOND. WE'LL GET A CHANCE TO GRAB HIM!

[GASP] HE'S REACHED OUT OF MY EYES! I CAN'T SEE!



NEITHER CAN I!

HE TOO, BUT IT'LL ONLY TAKE A SECOND FOR THEM TO CLEAR!

BUT THAT'S ALL NOW! HERE'S ONE SECOND!



I'D RATHER SETTLE THIS ANGRY... WITHOUT BLOOD!

WHACK!

OW!



COMIX CARDS
 appear every
 month in
**HOPALONG
 CASSIDY**
 FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF
HOPALONG CASSIDY
 IN
Hopalong Cassidy
 ONLY SEE AT YOUR LOCAL
 NEWSSTAND!
 Call or write for complete list of outlets



ROCKY LANE

rounds up the Redskins!



ALEX "ROCKY" LANE, famous cowboy star, rides again in the thrilling new Republic picture "Powder River Riders." Be sure to see it in your neighborhood theater.



THAT'S LITTLE BILLY'S FORTY-LOLLED BY AN ARROW! THE INDIANS HAVE CAPTURED THE RANCH OWNER'S SON.



DID DIRTY, BLACKJACK! THIS INDIAN TRAIL IS STILL WARM!



THEY'RE ALL ASLEEP EXCEPT THE GUARD, CREEPY, BLACKFACE, WHILE I CREEP UP ON HIM.



CARNE! I KNOW AN INDIAN TRICK OR TWO MYSELF, CHIEF!



ROCKY! AM I DREAMING?

NO BILLY — BUT YOU'D BETTER BE QUICK! HERE COMES TROUBLE!



SAVE YOUR BREATH, YOU REDSKINS — OR ROCKY'S ON THE WARPATH NOW!



BILLY — YOU'RE SAFE!

LOOK! ROCKY CAPTURED 'EM ALL BLIND-SEEDS!

SHOO! THERE WAS ONLY ONE RED-LOAF 'EM!

The action is riding the high to ROCKY! He's a real cowboy, Indian son of a gun! He's Rocky and his pal of his adventures!

Quickly rounding up the Indians, Rocky took the horse trail, where he meets Billy's father with a search party.



HOW CAN I REWARD YOU ROCKY?

JUST GIVE ME ANOTHER GARNISH MALT, BOSS!

DRINK UP, GARNISH MALT ARE EASY TO MAKE!

YES, TOO — THIS TASTE SWELL!



CARNATION Malted MILK GIVES YOU REAL HE-MAN ENERGY! ASK MOM TO GET A JAR. SEE WHAT A CATCH IT IS TO MAKE SWELL-TASTIN' PROFESSIONAL MALT! RIGHT AT HOME!



Directions on Natural Flavors

HILL BILLY

HAS GOOD HORSE SENSE!



HOPALONG CASSIDY

THE RANCH RUSTLER!

STARRING
WILLIAM
BOBBY!

THAT MAN'S
ALL RIGHT WITH
ME, BOB! BILL BOBBY!
TELLING YOU FULL OF
LEAD WILL BE A REAL
PLEASURE!

THIS PROPERTY
BELONGS TO ME,
BUT MAKE SURE!
THE ONLY WAY YOU'LL
EVER TAKE OVER THIS
RANCH IS OVER MY
DEAD BODY!

STOP SHOOTING
OR I'LL LOSE THE
TWO OF YOU UP

One evening, outside Twin River...

WHY WASN'T THIS
ALL ABOUT?

THEY WERE SPREAD
BEFORE TO MR. BOBBY,
AND BOBBY REFUSED
TO CLIMB OUT!

MR. BOBBY LIVED,
HOPALONG! I IN-
HERITED THE RANCH
FROM MY FATHER AND
HE SETTLED IT TWENTY
FIVE YEARS AGO!

WHEN HIS OLD MAN DID
SETTLE, FIVE YEARS AGO, BUT
HE NEVER OWNED A
CLIMB! I DO THAT
TODAY AND FILED A
RECORD OF IT IN THE
RECORDS OFFICE!
ACCORDING TO THE LAW,
THAT MAKES TWO FIFTY-
TY NINE!





















HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING
WILLIAM BOYD

and PRAIRIE JONES'
TALL TALE

A MESQUITE STORY

THAT'S RIGHT, MESQUITE.
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS
REMOVE MY PAIN UNTIL
I GET BACK IN THE MORNING.
I'M STAYING OVER IN
ARID VALLEY!

SHUCKS AND TARNATION!
IF I HAVE TO PUT UP WITH
THE OLD GOAT'S SECOND-
HANDHOOD SHERMANIAN
ALL NIGHT, I DECIDE THERE
WON'T BE ANYTHING LEFT
OF ME BY MORNING!



--AND THEN AFTER THE INCH
DRAGGED THE POOR FOMBER
OVER THE ROCKY HILLS FOR
MORE THAN A MILE, HE
JUMPED OFF HIS HORSE,
GRABBED HIS TOMAHAWK
AND--



--BUT THE UNLUCKY
PALEFACE DROPT
OVER THE HEAD
WITH IT!





YOU SAYS I SHOULDN'T HAVE A REAL TOMAWAG OR I COULDN' GVEN YUH A BETTER PICTURE OF WHAT HAPPENED ON THAT INDIAN RAID!

YEAH, (GROANS) IT'S TOO BAD!



NOW ALL TELL YUH ABOUT THE TIME I STRANGLED A MOUNTAIN LION WITH MY BARE HANDS. HYAW, LEAD ME YOURS NECK!

NEVER MIND, PLEASE, JOHN! I HEARD ENOUGH OF YOUR TALL STORIES FOR ONE DAY! IF WE'RE GOING TO EAT WAGGAT, I DECIDED WE OUGHT TO GO INTO TOWN NOW AND BUY SOME BTTLES!



SOONLY AFTER---

I DECIDED I'LL SPILL A LITTLE TARN TO SOME OF THESE RANGERS UNTIL YUH COME OUT! IT'LL HELP PASS THE TIME!



AND SECONDS LATER---

--AND SINCE I WASN'T INTERESTED IN MONEY, I SAWE AWAY THE ENTIRE GOLD BARS! ALL I KEPT WAS A BACK OF NUGGETS AS BIG AS MY FIST!

EVERYBODY IN TOWN NEVER KNOWS THAT PLEASE JONES LIKES TO MAKE UP TALL TALES, THAT IS EVERYONE BUT---



BRAY AND DASSON, A COUPLE OF UNCONSCIOUS ACTORS WHO HAVE BEEN STRANDED IN THEIR STAGE---

ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING, DASSON? MATERIALLY, BRAY! JUST WAIT TILL THE REST OF THE COMPANY WALK AWAY!



SHH, MAKE ONE FALSE MOVE AND WE'LL TELL YOU FULL OF LEAD!

HUH?

GET ON YOUR HORSE AND RIDE OFF WITH US-- JUST AS IF YOU WERE OUR BUDDY!



WHERE ARE YUH TAKING ME?

WE'RE NOT TAKING YOU ANY PLACE! YOU'RE TAKING US TO THE PLACE WHERE YOU GOT THOSE GOLD NUGGETS HIDDEN!





MAYBE NOTT'VE GOT AN IDEA. NOW HERE'S WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO...



IT SHORE IS LUCKY I SPOTTED PRAIRIE BEFORE HE COULD GET IN ANY TROUBLE!

COME IN!

KNOCK!
KNOCK!



WHEEDY! PRAIRIE JONES GO?

WHO?



PRAIRIE JONES! THE OLD FELLOW I JUST SAW YER COMING IN WITH!

I'M AFRAID YER BUSINESS THROUGH, DEPUTY! I DON'T JUST COME IN WITH ANYONE! AS A MATTER OF FACT, I HAVEN'T BEEN OUT ALL DAY!



DON'T TELL ME IT'S MY IMAGINATION! I KNOW WHAT I SAW AND I SAW PRAIRIE JONES COMING IN HERE!

WELL IF YOU THINK, WHY DON'T YOU LOOK AROUND AND POINT HIM OUT TO ME! THIS IS THE ONLY ROOM TO THE CASH AND THERE'D BE NO PLACE HE COULD HIDE...



--EXCEPT IN THE CLOSET!

(GASP) A-A GHOST!



A GHOST? I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING! WHERE'D YOU SEE IT?

IN THAT CLOSET! OPEN THE DOOR AND YOU'LL SEE IT FOR YOURSELF!







HERE'S YOUR CHANCE
BOYS AND GIRLS ...
TWO SWELL PREMIUMS
FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

**BOTH
FOR ONLY
15¢**
AND ONE HOT
RALSTON OR INSTANT
RALSTON BOX TOP

**BIG
2 FOR 1
TOM MIX
OFFER!**

1 Golden-Plastic Bullet Telescope

No feet in your Straight Shooter going with this new, super useful good luck charm!

Peasant Telescope! Handy, easy to focus! Distant objects look three larger!

Magnifying Glass! Make things 4 times bigger! Hot fingerprints, crooked tails — read copyrighted note messages!

A "Smeller." Two Lots of Fun magnifying your friends with super-lens that makes things look 20 times smaller!

Secret Compartment! Plenty of room for secret maps or messages!

2 Magic-Toe Birdcall

Use magic inside the Golden-Plastic Bullet Telescope.

Be a leader in hunting and camping trips — use your Straight Shooter Birdcall to imitate all sorts of bird and wildlife — signal others to meet you!

Use it also while far relaxing at clearing of games — use trick voice that makes peewees look like human kind!

Send for this exciting pair of premiums today!

USE THIS COUPON

YOUR NAME Mr. Mrs. Miss

Send Two, Enclosed are 15¢ in coins and one Tom Mix or Instant Ralston box top. Please send me Tom Mix or Golden-Plastic Bullet Telescope AND Magic-Toe Birdcall.

Address

City State

valid only if you have never obtained premiums before and not more than 10¢ of it. No Ralston or Instant Ralston box top can ever again be used for this. There is no cash value. Offer good only in U.S. and may be withdrawn at any time.



PISTOL PACKING PATTIE

ELECTRIFYING
PERSONALITY



328
33

I WONDER WHAT TALL
STORY HE'S TELLING THIS
TIME! I NEVER HEARD
ANYONE LIE AS MUCH
AS HE!

GENERAL
STORE

...AND THE PRESIDENT
PERSONALLY CAME TO
THANK MY FATHER FOR
THE GREAT WORK
HE DID HOME!

???

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID, DID TALK
THE PRESIDENT PERSONALLY
CAME ON YOUR FATHER TO
THANK HIM FOR HIS WORK?

THAT'S RIGHT,
PISTOL PACKING
PATTIE! I KNOW
YOU WON'T
KNOW THAT—

— MY FATHER IS THE
GREATEST ELECTRICAL
ENGINEER IN THE
COUNTRY!

YOUR FATHER'S AN
ELECTRICAL ENGINEER,
ISN'T HE?
NO—

— HOW MUST HAVE
BEEN HIS FIRST
ENGINEER!



BIGGER BETTER BUBBLES--

PRICE-A PENNY A PIECE--

AND THE SQUARE WRAP KEEPS THE FUNNIES FLAT--

1¢

FLEET BUBBLE CHIPS
FOLLOWED BY FLEET





MURDER MASK

By Walter Farmer

THE figure in the shadows watched as the last customer left old Pop's lunch room. His interest mounted as Pop slipped a couple of silver pieces into the already bulging till. It was Saturday night and cowboys from all the neighboring spreads were in town. Some would spend most of their pay in the general store, some in the saloons and some in the glittering Casino. But all of them had had at least one of old Pop's famous meals, and there was cash in the till to prove it.

Pop grinned with satisfaction as he looked at the glittering money. He didn't notice the man who slipped through the door and hid in the shadows. Pop went quietly about the business of closing up. He locked the door and pulled down the shades. He locked the till.

Then a low, muffled voice said, "All right, reach."

Pop whirled, his hands raised to shoulder height. He faced a man and a gun. The gun was a Colt .45. The man was of medium build. His black Stetson was pulled low over his eyes. A red and white figured bandana covered his face from the bridge of his nose down, and disappeared not only his mouth but also his voice.

"Throw the key on the counter and back against the wall," ordered the bandit. "I want to take that cash."

Pop saw the Colt and knew it's deadly power. But his quick brain told him the man would not dare to fire it. The town was alive and swarming with cowmen, nearly all friends of Pop's and one shot would bring them running. The bandit would never escape with his life.

"No, he wouldn't dare shoot," thought Pop. Moving swiftly for a man his age, he glanced at his hand on the man's gun arm and saw the Colt clattering to the floor. The surprise attack threw the bandit off only for a second. As Pop reached for his waist, a knife flashed in the bandit's other hand and his point went swift and sure into old Pop's chest.

Then the murderer heard footsteps coming from the kitchen and the steady voice of the

cook. He fled quickly into the night, leaving behind the silver he had caught. He had murdered in vain.

The cook's cries brought a lot of people on the run, including Sheriff Tim Carter. When he ascertained that old Pop was dead, he made everybody stand back. "So I can look for clues, if any," he explained.

Old Pop was lying on his back. There was a red splash on his shirt front, and in his right hand was clutched a red and white figured bandana.

"This his?" said the sheriff, pointing at the kerchief.

"No," responded the cook. "His were all blue."

"Thought so," agreed Tim.

"Then that might be a clue, hey?" asked Jack Billings, a stage driver. "Might belong to the killer, huh?"

"Could be," said the sheriff, "but I don't allow at how it's a very big clue. Most nights three-fourths of the hombres in these parts wear bandanas exactly like that I've got one here in my coat pocket."

"DO YOU think it was a robber?" asked Pete DuBois, a roving larcin dealer. Maybe that was his mask and the old man picked it off."

"Could be," nodded the lawman. "Old Pop wasn't the kind to make deadly enemies who'd murder him for the sport of it. And plain robbery being the motive, that'll make the matter even harder to catch up with."

"I heard a horse clapping north out of town like the devil himself was after it!" exclaimed Bud Manchen, a stable hand. "Didn't check anything of it at the time, but do you reckon that could've been the killer?"

"Might. Might not," said Tim Carter. "Worth looking into. Max, as my chief deputy, I want you to head north and out till on that side. Take along a posse. I'll swear all you men in—Billings, DuBois, Manchen, all the rest of you. Don't do any shooting unless the outlawed blame it you

first. Be careful. Bring in anybody that looks suspicious, but don't hurt anybody that's innocent."

The men started a rush to their saddles, but the sheriff called back the last one who happened to be Mearles and said: "Wait up, Brad. There's plenty of others and I may need some help here in town."

"Sure enough, Sheriff," answered Brad. "If I can help you catch old Pop's murderer, you can sure count on me."

Wearing a glove, the sheriff carefully picked up the bandana from the dead man's fingers.

"What you aim to do with that?" asked Brad.

"NONE along, I'll tell you," said the sheriff. As he walked toward his office he explained, "I think this might be a one where we can use Tennessee Ted's bloodhound. That old hound might be able to take one sniff at this kerchief and tell right away what warmin' it belongs to. I've got a mighty hunch the murderer didn't have time to leave town. That hance you heard might have been any one of a hundred cowhands hurrying back to a ranch."

In his office he opened a desk drawer and slipped the bandana inside. He took off his jacket and hung it on a hook. Then he went through the rear door, calling for the jailer. In a moment he came back and said: "Brad, I was a-tryin' to send the jailer after Tennessee Ted and his leg-orned pecker, but I reckon he's stepped out. Would you mind going to fetch old Tennessee while I wait here to see if Max comes back with any reports?"

"Shdip," said Brad Mearles.

When Tennessee Ted arrived with his end-eyed dog on a leash, the sheriff explained what was wanted. He opened the drawer and gingerly took out the red and white cloth. "This is the bandana that the killer wore," he said. "As you can see, it's a very common kind like most everybody uses. I've even got it twis myself ever yonder in my coat pocket. But I figure maybe your hound can sniff at it and tell who it belongs to. Worth a try, anyhow."

Tennessee Ted, gray, grained and scraggy-shouldered but with bright, glimmering eyes, patted his muscular dog on the head. "You

bet your hound has worth a try. Sheriff. Old Hardboot here will find a murderer for you any time."

Tennessee's confidence in the dog was not exactly shared by the townsfolk. Curious spectators gathered around Pop's lunch room were inclined to scoff at the old bloodhound.

"The sheriff's loco!" somebody said.

"Must be," said another. "A dumb animal ain't got sense."

"Maybe they're right, Sheriff," whispered Brad Mearles. "If the dog doesn't find him you'll look downright foolish."

"Don't you fret none," said to Tennessee. "Bloodhose knows what he's doing." Tennessee held out the bandana. "Here, old boy," he said. "Find the owner of this."

The dog sniffed, started circling, his nose held low. Then he stopped at the heels of one man and let out a low, hoarse growl. Howls of derision came from the spectators. The bloodhound was pointing awkwardly at the sheriff.

Lawman Tim Carter was too startled for a moment to speak. Brad Mearles said, "Well, Tennessee, I guess you'll admit now that the dog's no good at finding a murderer. We all know the sheriff didn't kill old Pop."

"I ain't on such thing," said Ted. "Old Hardboot discovered the murderer all right. And you're him, Mr. Brad Mearles!"

Brad leaped at the wayward old man in a rage, but Hardboot was quicker and spilled the ferocious man by clamping his jaws on a pig foot. As Brad fell, a bloodstained knife clattered from his pocket.

"BUT how come the dog pointed at the sheriff when Brad was really the murderer?" everyone asked.

"Easy," said Tennessee. "When Brad was alone in the sheriff's office for a minute, he switched bandanas. He took the one out of the sheriff's pocket and put it in the drawer. He took the one out of the drawer and put it in the sheriff's pocket."

"Anyway, Hardboot is happy about the way it came out, ain't you, Hardboot?"

Hardboot looked sadder than ever, but maybe he was happy. Tennessee Ted seemed to know him better than anyone else did.

BIG BOW AND LITTLE ARROW

"UP IN
A
TREE"

A LITTLE MONKEY, BIG BOW, HE
NO CAN REACH GRAPFRUIT YET!

GRAPFRUIT NO BELONG TO US,
LITTLE ARROW! HE NO LIKE THIS!



NO WORRY! LITTLE ARROW SMART LIKE
YOU, HE NO GET T
CATCHY!



THIS LOOK LIKE NICE
JUICY ONE!



HERE, CATCH!



YOU DO THAT ON PURPOSE!
ME HE WHEN YOU
COME DOWN!

IN THAT CASE
HE NO COME
DOWN!









Hey, boys! Wear a real
Hopalong Cassidy
 Western Shirt from Hudson's

You'll have a heck of a lot of fun in a Hopalong Cassidy shirt and hat. It's just like "Happy" wears in the movies. Order yours now.

Boys' Detective Shirt, sizes 8-18, **2.95**

Boys' Poole's Shirt, sizes 8-18, **2.95**

Colors of black and red, maroon and gray, brown and tan, beige and gold, green and gold, royal and gray.

Hopalong Cassidy Hat, black, red or tan, sizes small, medium and large, **1.95**

Boys' Store — Famous — Section C

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 Boys' Store



Use the coupon on the back

A. L. Hudson Co., Woodward Ave.
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Please send me from Hudson's Boys' Store

Shirt at \$1.95, color choice.....

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Charge my account No. Send C.O.D.

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City and State

For delivery within the state add 10% extra fee

HOPALONG CASSIDY

FEATURING
WILLIAM
BOYD

and THE GREAT BANK RUN

"WE WORKED HARD FOR OUR MONEY AND WE DEMAND YOU GIVE IT TO US WHEN WE WANT IT!"

BANK

"BUT GENTLEMEN, THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE! PLEASE... PLEASE!"

"IT'S A RUN ON THE BANK! I'VE GOT TO SHUT IT DOWN! IT'S UNDER CONTROL BEFORE IT TURNS INTO A RIOT!"

Keeping your savings in the bank has long been a wise American custom! But when rumor spreads the news that these savings are jeopardized, there's no telling what men will do to protect their hard-earned money! When matters threaten to get out of hand, it takes all of Sheriff Hopalong Cassidy's fast-riding, quick-witted ability to bring things under control!

WE START AT THE TEN P.M. HOUR.
Banks....

WE HAD A BUSY DAY AT THE BANK TODAY. IT'S TIME TO CLOSE NOW.

MADE UP IMAGINARY THINGS. BUT THE POINT I MAKE PEOPLE LOOK UP. I CAN'T STAND TO BEAT IT. EVERYBODY WOULD HAVE KNOWN IT'S NOT BANKING HOURS!

GUY THAT SPOKE THAT. IT'S A MESS! IT'S A MESS! I'VE GOT TO SHUT IT DOWN! I'VE GOT TO SHUT IT DOWN! I'VE GOT TO SHUT IT DOWN! I'VE GOT TO SHUT IT DOWN!



"WELL, SHERIFF CASSIDY SAID AS THESE PLACES HE TOLD ME THEY MIGHT COME IN HANDY IN CASE OF TROUBLE. THIS IS JUST THE TIME TO GOE 'EM."



"MEANWHILE...
"ABSOLUTELY- WAIT!
"WHAT'S THAT?"
"THEY LOOK LIKE THE
"PLACES I LEFT WITH
"BANKER PROCTOR,
"TO SEE IN CASE
"OF TROUBLE."



"THESE PLACES CAN MEAN
"ALMOST ANYTHING.
"ABSOLUTELY- BUT
"NOTHING THEY
"MEAN ITS TROUBLE.
"ROUND UP A
"COUPLE OF MEN
"AND MEET ME
"AT THE BANK"



"WELL,
"SLOW THE
"CARVED DOWN!"

BANK

"HELP!
"IT'S
"COMING
"DOWN!"



"I DON'T THINK ANY
"CHANCES! IF THE
"SHERIFF'S JUNE, THEY
"PROBABLY A FINE
"STONE UP RIGHT
"BEHIND HIM. TO
"BETTER, PLAY
"THE CARD!
"I'LL RUN AROUND
"THE BANK AND
"ACT AS IF I
"DON'T KNOW
"WHO'S GOING
"ON!"



"I WAS RIGHT!
"THAT THEY
"ARE!"

"GOOD WORK,
"SHERIFF! NOW
"YOU'VE WOUND UP
"THESE WOULD
"BE BANK
"ROBBERS!"

"GARY,
"HOPPY!"



"I HEARD THE SHOTS
"AND RUSHED RIGHT
"OVER. CAN I BE
"OF ANY HELP,
"SHERIFF?"

"SURE, YOU CAN
"HELP US GET
"THESE WANTED
"CRIMINALS 'CATCH'!"



CASSIDY—
 • IF OUR MONEY
 WEREN'T BLOWN AWAY
 DON'T YOU GIVE UP
 BACK THE MONEY
 WE DEPOSITED?

**I'VE TOLD YOU
 AND BANK KEERS,
 ON HAND ALL
 THE DEPOSITS
 WERE—IT'S
 NO USE, THEY
 WON'T LISTEN!**



**FITNESS YOU
 PAY US BACK,
 OR WE'LL
 THIS CORRUPT
 BANK, APOOR!**

**IT'S JUST IMPOSSIBLE
 TO SEARCH
 WITH YOU! NO
 JUST REFUSE TO
 UNDERSTAND THAT
 I KEEP MOST OF
 THE DEPOSITS IN
 THE STATE BANK.**



**HOLD ON, WHAT'S
 ALL THE COMBINATION
 ABOUT? IT'S OBVIOUS
 THAT IF A BODY IS
 DOWN ON HIS BACK,
 HE CAN'T DO MUCH!**

**NOT YET!
 HOPKINS,
 BUT WE NEED
 YOU. YOUR WILL
 IS ONE UNLESS
 WE GET OUR
 MONEY BACK,
 WE'LL BE RUINED!**



AND AFTER, BANKER PROCTOR EXPLORES—

**...IF THEY WANT THEIR
 MONEY, I CAN GIVE IT
 TO THEM! BUT THEY'LL
 HAVE TO WAIT TILL I
 GET IT FROM THE
 STATE BANK!**

**IF THEY WANT OR WANT
 CASHING THEIR MONEY,
 IT'S THEIR BUSINESS,
 PROCTOR! BUT AS YOU SAY,
 THEY'LL HAVE TO WAIT SOME
 TIME!**



**SURE, YOU'LL BE COMING BACK WITH A LOT OF
 MONEY! I SUGGEST THAT PROCTOR GO WITH
 YOU! I'LL STAY HERE TO MAKE SURE THAT EVERY
 THING IS UNDER CONTROL!**



THIRTY MONTHS AFTER—

**I TELL YOU, ABSOLUTELY, I'VE
 NEVER SEEN THE PEOPLE OF
 THIS TOWN MAKE PROGRESS
 IN ANY LINE! EVERY PLANNING
 OF THEM BELIEVED HE WAS READY
 TO LOSE HIS LIFE'S SAVINGS!**

**WHEN WE GET BACK
 WITH THIS LOAD, THEY'LL
 SEE HOW DEAD WRONG
 THEY WERE!**











You Practice COMMUNICATIONS

I Send You Parts To Build This Equipment



...and you can use them in your home, office, or business. They are the same as the ones used by the military. They are the same as the ones used by the military. They are the same as the ones used by the military.

You Practice Radio SERVICING

On This Modern Radio You Build With Parts I Send



...and you can use them in your home, office, or business. They are the same as the ones used by the military. They are the same as the ones used by the military. They are the same as the ones used by the military.

BE A RADIO TECHNICIAN

Learn Servicing or Communications

...and you can use them in your home, office, or business. They are the same as the ones used by the military. They are the same as the ones used by the military. They are the same as the ones used by the military.

YOU BUILD the Home Desk set with 100 parts. I send you the parts. You build it. You can use it in your home, office, or business. It is the same as the ones used by the military.

YOU BUILD the Communications set with 100 parts. I send you the parts. You build it. You can use it in your home, office, or business. It is the same as the ones used by the military.

Learn by Practicing in Spare Time with MANY KITS OF PARTS I Send



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MADE EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME
As part of my Radio Servicing Course, I send you the parts. You build it. You can use it in your home, office, or business. It is the same as the ones used by the military.

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I TRAINED THESE MEN AT HOME

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Good for Both - FREE

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